

Be your forever

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Be your forever

by [sarcasmismyweapon](#)

Summary

Canon divergence

Stiles does all he can to keep Derek afloat in the pool while the Kanima prowls around on the outside, as time goes by the teen realizes that he's going to have to break a promise he made with his parents. He never wanted his secret to be revealed, but he's not about to let Derek drown.

Notes

I got this idea in my head the other day, I've read a few other fics that have played around with the pool scene and I just had to have some fun with it. I hope you all enjoy it, leave a kudo or comment if you do!

Sink or swim

Stiles knew that he couldn't maintain the weight of the Alpha he was stumbling along with, his head kept twisting about to try and keep sight of the fugly lizard man. All the while dragging Derek along the outside rim of the pool, it was as he skirted a corner that said fugly lizard monster lunged at them. Stiles screamed, the pair of them listing towards the water.

"Stiles no!" Derek managed to cry out just before they tumbled into the pool

Stiles shook his head beneath the water, looking about at first in fear that the monster would follow them in. Nothing happened. He glanced about, catching sight of Derek at the bottom of the pool, his eyes screwed tight as he held his breath. Swimming down...Down...Down, the teen wrapped his arms around Derek and kicked up from the bottom of the pool. They broke the surface and combined gasp of air. Stiles shook his head as he continued to tread water, his eyes darting this way and that as he searched for the lizard that had been stalking them. He heard Derek cough, meeting the Alpha's gaze Stiles smirked.

"Oops."

"Stiles." The wolf growled.

Ignoring the inherent threat in the paralyzed man's voice, Stiles decided to give him some good news for a change. "So Mr. Godzilla isn't swimming with us, that's a plus right?" He glanced around, finally locating it. "Nope, he is decidedly over there hissing at us like a stray cat."

Derek huffed. "He's not near the water?" The wolf sent a calculating glare at the boy as if he didn't believe Stiles and was waiting for the lizard to get the jump on them.

Stiles huffed at the wolf's lack of trust in his observational skills, exerting himself to spin them a bit, allowing the paralyzed wolf to see for himself. "See, hissing in a corner."

Derek growled at the creature as if it would do them any good, the lizard hissed back.

"The real question is why isn't it coming in for a swim?"

That was a good question, but Derek could care less. "We need to get out of here."

Stiles couldn't contain the snort he made. "Oh, really? Oh why didn't I think of that, Oh maybe because there is a BIG FUCKING LIZARD!"

Derek growled at the teen shouting at him, Stiles panted a bit, treading water with Derek was tiring as he was. Derek took notice quickly that the teen was struggling to hold them both above the water and he knew as time passed the boy would eventually be unable to keep them afloat. It was with this observation that had the wolf announcing.

"You can't keep this up."

"Thanks." Stiles muttered dryly. "Way to encourage the person keeping you alive."

"Stiles." The wolf bit out. "You can't keep this up, you wouldn't be able to tread water long enough even with just yourself. He's not going anywhere."

Stiles rolled his eyes at the wolf. "That's kinda my point dude, he's not leaving. Us trying to leave when he's not leaving is the epitome of stupid. He no likey the Aqua, thus we stay in the Aqua." Derek's growl had Stiles sighing. "What now?"

"We'll drown."

Stiles looked around, Derek had a point. A very good point, it was just that...They weren't going to do that. Not really, though it pained him to even think about that outcome. "Someone will come." He assured the Alpha. "I can manage."

Derek gave the boy a frustrated look, clearly irritated by the boy's refusal to listen to him. Stiles adjusted his hold on the Alpha, grunting as he was forced to embrace him tighter.

"Sorry, but this is killer on my hands."

Derek huffed as the teen was hugging him, despite not liking being touched he had to admit. "I'm not drowning."

Stiles chuckled. "So you can't complain right?"

"Not right now."

Stiles smirked, the irritable wolf was growing on him. He could only hope that he'd grow on Derek given some more time, it's not like they'd already been through life or death situations before...Kinda like the one they were in now. Stiles let his eyes drift off to the Godzilla monster, watching it as its tail whipped this way and that. It came close to the water only to spring back and hiss.

"So what is it?"

"I don't know."

Stiles hummed, intrigued that the resident supernatural know it all, didn't know it all. "Can we name it Godzilla?"

"No."

"Are you sure? Cause I mean, he is a lizard...Thing. Probably a way cooler name than whatever it's actually called."

Derek sighed, not bothering to continue arguing with the irritating teen. How he'd managed to get himself wrapped in all of this. The Alpha grunted as Stiles shifted them once again, he grit his teeth when the boys hold brought them a tad too close for his liking, the boys breath ghosting his face as the boy adjusted. "Stiles."

"Hush, I'm adjusting." Stiles panted as he struggled to keep the wolf in a somewhat comfortable position as he fought to keep them above water. It took a moment, but he was able to move the paralyzed wolf a bit more, thus relinquishing the tight hold on him and giving them both some breathing room. This would be so much easier if he didn't have to worry about the whole drowning aspect of things. Taking a deep breath as he began to breathe heavier from holding the heavy wolf above water, Stiles remarked.

"Out of curiosity...If Godzilla there hadn't dosed you with whatever godforsaken juice he has in him...You can swim right?"

Derek snorted at the stupid question. “Yes.”

“Oh...Okay, cool. So we agree that he’s 100% to blame for this.”

Derek let out a long breath. “Agreed.”

Stiles smirked, he knew that Derek was annoyed with all his talking, but frankly, he needed to talk. He needed all the talking because that thing looming, waiting for them wasn’t something either of them knew about. The fact that it could down someone like Derek just made Stiles all the more afraid of what would happen if it did get the balls to come into the water with them. Swallowing tensely, Stiles jerked his head back to Derek when the wolf muttered.

“Your hearts beating fast.”

Stiles laughed at the lame observation. “Dude, really? I’m holding your heavy ass above water while staring down a real-life Godzilla who wants to eat us. Of course, my hearts beating fast.”

Derek frowned but didn’t say anything else.

Slowly, time went by and Mr. Godzilla didn’t leave. Stiles had slowly sunk further and further into the water, keeping him and Derek just above it as he struggled to keep them both afloat.

“You have to get us out of here, we can’t stay like this.” Derek growled as they both bobbed under the water for a split second before Stiles got them back above. They spat out water simultaneously.

Stiles was panting as he kicked his legs harder, he shook his head. “I can’t leave you like this and he’d get me the second I left the pool.” That was one thing Stiles was absolutely sure of. Godzilla had started pacing the perimeter of the entire pool as if he was searching for some weak spot that would gain him access to them.

Stiles grit his teeth, taking harsher breaths the longer that he fought against the inevitable. He didn’t want to do this, he’d promised not to do this. Meeting Derek’s frowning gaze, Stiles spoke in a scared tone of voice. “When this is all said and done...Please don’t tell Scott.”

Derek frowned at the odd request. “What?”

“Please Derek, just don’t tell him. I wasn’t-I promised.” Stiles closed his eyes a moment, shaking his head. He took a shuddering breath, opening his eyes to stare back at the wolf. The teen smiled. “Don’t worry, you’re not going to drown.”

“Stiles?” The wolf growled, he didn’t like where this was going. Stiles smelled wrong, more than just the horrible chlorinated smell that had clung to them since they entered the pool, this was something he’d scented before. It was grief and pain. “Stiles wha-” The Alpha gasped when Stiles suddenly went below the surface of the pool, the teen holding him up somehow.

“Stiles?!” There was no way the teen could stay submerged long enough for help to arrive, no one was coming. The hissing of the lizard creature intensified for a moment before it jumped back. A large spray of water leaving the pool and sending it skittering around to the other side. Derek watched from his limited point of view, confused as to where the splash of water had come from. He felt a pair of arms slide up from his legs all the way to his waist, just before some took a shuddering gasp above the water. The teen now behind him as he embraced the Alpha.

“Stiles?! What the he-”

Stiles coughed a few times, rasping out. “Did it run?”

Derek scowled, frozen between wanting to yell at the teen only to register the boy's question. His own questions were put on hold as his gaze locked on the creature, it had darted away from the water. "Yes." He finally settled.

"Ha, sucks to be you Godzilla. I own this pool."

Derek growled at the boy's cockiness. "Stiles, what the hell? You were under the water-"

"I know." The boy's tone wasn't as chipper as when he'd been shoving the water in the monsters face.

Derek waited, but when the boy didn't say anything else the wolf questioned. "How did you hold your breath so long?" He was sure that the boy shouldn't be able to accomplish something like that, not after treading water for so long.

"I'm an international swimming star." Stiles grinned even as he said it.

"That was a lie."

Stiles huffed as the wolf didn't hesitate to shoot him down. "Close enough."

Derek kept his gaze on the lizard, it was coming closer again. Stiles was holding him tightly to his chest and the boy no longer seemed as out of breath as he had been. "What did you do?" He questioned in not only curiosity but accusingly.

"I saved us obviously." The teen crowed from behind him.

"Stiles."

The teen huffed, the wolf only ever yelled at him. "Look, it doesn't really matter. It works out best this way, you stay above the water and I get a few ungodly moments longer to freak the hell out all while not having to explain anything."

"We're stuck in the pool being stalked by that thing, whatever explanation you need to give me, better be good."

"No, see I said I don't have to explain things...Not yet at least." Stiles grumbled because there was no doubt in his mind that he couldn't keep up the charade. Derek would find out and Stiles could only hope that the Alpha would keep his word, not to mention promise not to maim him for lying all this time. Alright, that was far fetched, not the lack of killing per se but the lying bit. Stiles had never lied about this, no one had asked...Not his fault if they just assumed things. Right?

Derek growled. "You can't keep me afloat forever."

"Not forever." The teen agreed flippantly. "But for a pretty damn long time...I'd wager longer than Godzilla wants to stick around at least."

Derek tensed, what small amount of his body he could when the teen's chin lay on his shoulder. He didn't like the sudden closeness, though he didn't say anything about it. He felt the boy sigh, his nose twitched at the sudden scent that registered. The boy's breath overtaking the cloying scent of chlorine in the room. The teen's breath didn't smell like a normal person's breath might smell like, namely whatever they'd last eaten. No, Stiles' breath smelled like...The ocean. Brow pinching together, the Alpha asked. "What don't you want Scott to know?" He felt the teen tense behind him as he refused to just give up, the boy's arms which were wrapped around his chest constricting a bit. He could feel the tips of the boys fingers dig into him, they felt sharper to him somehow, the

boy was grasping him so tightly.

“Nothing.”

“You were upset...Earlier.” God he sucked at this, but Derek wanted answers and it was because of this that he started to pressure the teen.

“I’m always upset, haven’t you noticed?”

“Stiles.” He barked. “Just answer me.”

Stiles huffed, staring at the back of the wolf’s head. He wasn’t about to give the man any answers, not until he absolutely had to. So in the meantime, Stiles settled for saying. “I can’t.”

Sighing the wolf watched on as the lizard prowled forward more brazenly, he grit his teeth despite it still being safely outside the pool.

“Ugh, he’s such a douche. Alright, hold on.”

“Wha-Stiles?” Derek made a distinctly unfitting noise as Stiles ducked back under the water or at least that was what he assumed the boy did given how his hands trailed back down his body. He growled at the boy’s light touches, unable to stop him. His gaze was drawn away from his own body to the lizard when another splash of water was sent from the pool, sending the creature skittering back with a horrifying screech. Derek frowned, he didn’t know how Stiles was doing that, but it was working. He waited rather impatiently for the teen to resurface, more questions looming in his head than answers. When Stiles broke the surface of the pool once more and fell into a brief coughing fit, Derek told the boy flatly.

“You’re going to drown us both, your lungs ca-”

“My lungs are fine.” Even Stiles had to admit that he sounded like someone who smoked ten packs a day, stupid chlorine. “I’m good.” He rasped.

Derek scowled, his fangs biting into his own cheeks as he tried to make his own healing factor start working faster. It didn’t seem to be doing much for him, but he knew that time had to be running out. There was no way a small human like Stiles could manage this for much longer, he settled back against Stiles’ chest, the human’s arms wrapped around him. Stiles was breathing heavily as he rested his head against Derek’s shoulder blades.

“I hate chlorine, it smells bad and tastes worse.” He coughed.

Derek smirked at the boy’s paltry complaint in face of the lizard creature stalking them. “Doesn’t smell all that great to me either.”

Stiles chuckled. “God, I can’t even imagine.”

“You really can’t.”

Stiles huffed. “ Asshole.” Stiles tilted his head a ways, taking in the sight of their resident Godzilla monster. “Wow does he look pissed.”

“He really doesn’t like the splashing.”

“Go figure, probably why I’m doing it huh?” The teen snarked.

Derek rolled his eyes as he floated pressed against the teen, by his estimate they’d already been in

the pool for over an hour, probably closer to two. He wasn't light-weight and Stiles looked like he was 50 pounds soaking wet...Derek didn't know how the teen was managing this.

"Stiles?"

"Hmm?"

"How are you doing this? We've been here for over an hour." He found himself asking before he could put down his curiosity. He needed to know what was going on, his tentative trust in the boy didn't extend so far as to trust whatever secret the boy was keeping from him. Not when Derek relied on him to stay alive. He felt the boy's hot breath ghost his neck, it made goosebumps flare up.

"I-I can't tell you that."

"Really?" He scoffed at the boy repeated himself. "You've been holding me up in a pool for over an hour and you can't explain how?" His tone had taken on his traditional biting tone.

Stiles buried his head deeper into the man's shoulder blade, muttering into the man's wet shirt. "I just figured...It'd be easier if you didn't know, I know you'll find out, there's no way around that Derek." The teen's voice warbled. "I just-I figured it would be easier if you didn't know right now, what with Godzilla and everything...Too many questions man. I-I'm not ready for this, the fact that Scott might find out is killing me."

Derek didn't know what this big secret was that Stiles didn't want Scott to know, but it had to be something big for it to be enough to see them surviving as they were. He scowled back at the hissing lizard monster, his thoughts jumbled as to what he wanted to do. He felt Stiles cough once more against him, the boy's arms slipping just a tad before he caught himself.

"Stiles?"

"I'm fine." The boy sounded water-logged, not surprising since they'd been in the water so long.

Derek didn't believe the boy's words, he wasn't outright lying from what he could make of the boy's heartbeat, but he also wasn't telling the truth. He sighed. "Why don't you want Scott to know...About this?"

Stiles snorted. "Trust me, you wouldn't be too keen on this going around either if it was your big secret."

"What do you mean?"

Stiles bit his lip, his eyes darting around the pool as he struggled to find some way to explain things without drawing more attention to himself. "It's just...I promised someone that I'd never do this."

"Do what?"

Stiles bit his lip once more, it pained him to do this. Physically hurt, but Stiles managed through the pain. A small whimper leaving him as he rasped. "Save someone."

Derek frowned. "You promised not to save someone." It sounded even dumber when he said it out loud. "Stiles that makes no sense."

"Neither does werewolves or Godzilla monsters and yet here we are!" The boy exclaimed in a frantic manner.

“Fine.” He grit out, the boy had a point but that didn’t get him any answers. “So what’s the big deal with you saving me then?”

Stiles pressed his face into the man’s shoulder blade. “It’ll be uncomfortable for a while, I’ll be fine...So long as we get out of the pool soon.”

Derek didn’t like the sound of that. “Are you hurt?” He scented the air to the best of his abilities, but all he could smell is chlorine. He hadn’t noticed if the boy had been hurt when they attempted to flee from the monster if he’d hurt himself when they fell into the pool.

“Not really? I mean, I could get sick.”

“Sick.” The Alpha stated lamely. “From the pool.” He asked for clarification.

“Not the pool itself, the chlorine.”

“You’re allergic?” Stiles laughed, startling him. Derek growled. “What’s so funny?”

“Sorry, I- You caught me off guard with that. Um, yeah you could say that. I’m allergic.”

Derek scowled, it felt like the boy was making a fool of him but before he could say anything of the sort the lizard approached once more.

“Oh, look our friend is back.”

Derek snorted at the teen’s sense of humor.

“Well, I guess I should give him a bath.”

Derek paid special attention to what Stiles did when he went under the water this time. He felt the same thing as always, the boy’s arms unwrapping only for his hand to hold onto him as they slid down all the way to his ankles. The sensation of the boys gentle yet firm touch making his jaw itch as his fangs descended. He watched on to see the results of what the boy was doing. Stiles held him there and still somehow managed to splash the creature, he’d figured it was the boy kicking at the water but the amount that was splashed up was way too much for a simple kick.

Derek’s vision only allowed him to see so far, but this time he saw the wave of water along-side something else. The loud noise that accompanied the little wave of water had his brow furrowing, but it was the other thing that had him curious to see what Stiles would say. He just had to wait the boy out, he felt the teen slowly returning to the surface. Derek held off questioning him as Stiles hacked against his back, the sound growing worse each consecutive time the boy went down and back. Stiles gasped a bit against his back, coughing a few times more before eventually settling.

“Stiles.”

“Yeah.”

“What do you have on you that’s purple?” He felt the boy tense, his arms tightening around his ribs.

“W-What?”

Derek frowned as he stared into the water, so he was on the right track. “What do you have on you that’s purple?” He clearly heard the boy swallow in a nervous fashion. “I saw something purple when the water splashed.”

Stiles nodded against his shoulder. “Yeah...I know, I hear you.”

“What was it?” Derek grimaced though not in pain when the boy’s hands tightened into his shirt, the boys fingers digging into him hard, right before the teen muttered into his shirt. “Promise you won’t tell Scott.”

Derek wasn’t sure why this was such a big deal to him, but if it got him answers he’d make the stupid promise. “Fine.”

“You won’t tell him?”

“I won’t tell Scott.”

Stiles sighed, he supposed now was a good a time as any. It was clear that the Alpha wasn’t about to just let things go, so after making sure Derek agreed not to tell Scott, he moved. His arms loosening around the Alpha, skirting up to hold the man beneath his armpits so he could move around to the front as they’d originally been positioned before he’d done something incredibly stupid and yet useful. Stiles stared back at the wolf, fear in his eyes as he waited for Derek to react at the sight of him.

Derek could honestly say he hadn’t been prepared for what Stiles was hiding, the teen’s aquamarine eyes darted away from his own when he stayed silent for too long. “You-Your-”

“I know.” Stiles hissed. “I know.” His tone lightened as he realized just how hostile he sounded.

“How?”

Stiles met his gaze long enough to glare. “Seriously?! You’re a fucking werewolf and you’re asking me HOW?”

Derek flinched at that, alright, that had been a stupid question. Stiles huffed, looking away to glare at the lizard monster which was once more hissing at them.

“Oh pipe down Godzilla or I’ll splash you again!”

Derek didn’t have much motion in his head, but what little he did was used in an attempt to get a better look at the teen. Stiles quickly picked up on this, his head jerking back around in time for the teen to blush when he caught sight of Derek looking at him.

“What are you doing?”

“Looking.” He said in an unabashed manner as he took in the boys sleek form.

“Well stop!” Stiles cried.

Derek met his gaze. “You’re embarrassed.” It wasn’t a question, simply a statement as he caught the sudden blossom of embarrassment in the boy’s scent. It was enough to overpower the scent of chlorine which had been plaguing his nose for the last hour or so.

“Shut up.” Stiles glowered. “I can make you drown ya know.”

Derek snorted at the false threat. “You wouldn’t have gone to all this trouble just to drown me so I didn’t see your tail.”

Stiles pouted, the asshole was right. “Jerk.”

Derek smirked. "Is-H-" Derek sighed. "Is your dad a-"

"No." Stiles shook his head. "Human 100% human."

Derek hummed. "So your-"

"My mom was...Obviously." The boy rolled his eyes before backing up with a shrug.

"And you hid this-"

Stiles didn't let the wolf finish his accusations, he was so done with that. "I didn't see your family running around advertising what they were." Stiles bit out sharply, his head jerking away.

Derek growled at the mentioning of his family, the noise cut off when Stiles muttered. "Sorry...It's...I'm sorry." Stiles was silent for a moment longer, in a bare whisper the teen muttered. "I promised."

Derek was angry at the boy's utterance of his family but found himself surprised at the boy apologizing rather than glossing over what he'd said. It was at the boy's bare whispered words that had Derek remembering the boy's earlier words. "You promised not to save anyone."

Stiles nodded.

"Why?"

Stiles huffed, meeting the wolf's gaze he smiled. "Don't worry about it...I can deal with it, just like the chlorine."

Derek frowned when he stared back at the teen, his brain working on what the chlorine might do to him. "You're not allergic, it's a chemical agent."

Stiles huffed, nodding. "Not so great on the gills man, let me tell you." Stiles shook his head as he looked down below the water. The gills that were on either side of his ribs were fluttering as he breathed. "I'm going to be hacking up this crap for a month." Stiles cleared his throat a bit with a smile.

"You'll heal?" Derek asked as he let his gaze go down the length of the boy's torso, he saw for himself the slits that rested between the boy's ribs, the fluttering as they took in and expelled water. He asked his question not only out of curiosity but because he felt at least in part responsible for the boy's future suffering.

"Well, not like you." Stiles shook his head. "I'll need fresh water or salt water, either will do. It'll help me flush out the bad stuff, otherwise, I just have to hack it up."

Derek nodded. "Can your-Your dad will help?"

Stiles leveraged an irritated look at the wolf. "My dad thinks that Scott has suddenly been cured of asthma and is now the star Lacrosse player, do you think he's going to help with this?" Stiles used one hand to wave at himself, Derek took notice that the boy's fingertips were clawed, so that had been what he'd felt digging into him. "No, because he doesn't and will never know that I did this." He gave the wolf a piercing look.

Derek smirked at the boy's glare, it wasn't nearly as effective as the boy would hope. "You're protecting him."

Stiles pointed towards the side of the pool. "Look at him! He's a fucking Godzilla monster! My dad is not equipped for this shit, he might have gotten used to mom and me but I guarantee he would flip his shit if he knew you and that were real."

Derek snorted. "So he only believes in mermaids?"

Stiles bared his teeth, for the first time showing off the fangs that had been demurely hidden. Derek had to admit it was an impressive display and had he not known better he might worry that the teen meant to attack him.

"I'm not a fucking mermaid." Stiles growled.

Derek hummed, curious to know what the boy actually was if not that. The teen's indignity like response was interesting, he was appalled to be called a mermaid. "What are you then?"

Stiles huffed. "I'm a siren you ass."

The wolf blinked a few times, that was definitely not a mermaid. "Wait...Sirens-"

Stiles rolled his eyes interjecting before the wolf could screw up the legend, waving his clawed hand as he blabbered. "Sirens lead men to their doom, blah blah blah, beauty untold, blah blah blah. Death incarnate blah, blah, blah."

Derek snorted at the abridged version of the lore behind his species. "You're not leading me to my doom." Derek pointed out factually as if he thought the boy was screwing things up.

"Kinda saving you from it actually." Stiles remarked coolly, a wary glance to Godzilla tacked on. "I mean, he does not look the cuddly type."

Derek sighed. "He hasn't left yet."

"I could make a bigger splash." Stiles offered. "If you can hold your breath for a minute, I can make him learn what a tsunami is." Stiles grinned.

Derek was tempted to do just that, if nothing more than to see the lizard run with its tail tucked between its scaly legs but he paused from consenting to that. "Each time you go under it makes it worse."

Stiles shrugged, offhandedly commenting. "Kinda like wolfsbane." While he watched Godzilla.

Derek growled at the mention of the herb, Stiles' head canted back towards him as he smiled. "It's okay, I can manage."

"No." The steely response had Stiles chuckling.

"If I didn't know better I'd say you cared."

Derek couldn't bring himself to reply to that, he might find the boy annoying but he didn't want to see him hurt. The thought of the boy enduring the equivalent to wolfsbane for his species riled something in him, he knew the pain of that. Finding out this part of him, the way that Stiles had become such an intrusive figure in Derek's life made sense. He was clinging to another supernatural without realizing it.

"Stiles?"

"Hmm?" The teen was busy sticking out his tongue at the lizard. "See I can do that too."

Derek snorted at the boy's childlike demeanor. "Why don't you want Scott to know?"

Stiles tucked his tongue back in, looking plainly back at the wolf. "He'd-I don't think he'd take it very well. I mean, we've been friends since preschool. I've helped him with the whole wolfy business and didn't share then...Seems a tad late doesn't it?"

"Guess so."

Stiles nodded. "Besides, it's not like I go around leading men to their doom or saving random people in swimming pools all the time." Stiles smiled impishly.

Derek rolled his eyes at the cheeky teen. "And if you have to save him?"

Stiles snorted. "He's a wolf, he can swim."

Derek glared at the weak response.

"What he can." Stiles shrugged. "Besides, I'm pretty sure I'd give him a heart attack...And ugh I don't even want to consider the taunting he'd do."

That Derek could believe, Scott wasn't all that mature no matter how much he tried to play it otherwise. Both of their attentions were drawn to the lizard as it hissed at them, coming closer to the edge of the pool for the first time. Slashing out at them despite them being in the middle of the pool and plenty of feet away from it.

Stiles took a deep breath, turned and smiled to Derek. "Hold your breath, I want to even the score a bit."

Derek's eyes widened. "Stiles don't!" And then he was underwater. The chlorine stung his eyes, but they quickly adapted to it. Derek nearly lost the breath he had when he saw Stiles sleek form twist about as if he was flying in the water rather than swimming. It was the first time he'd gotten a good glimpse at the siren's body.

The lithe frame of the boy was spattered with a dark royal purple scales in random spots across his body, almost like the moles he knew the boy had. Just under his navel was the beginning of his tail, it held the same royal purple scales, but also glinted with the shimmer of a dark blue, the two colors mixing together in a tantalizing glimmer of color. Derek was entranced to watch the boy arch himself in the water, the mighty tail coming up above the water's surface before slamming down in one might stroke, Derek had no doubt that the boy had managed to spray quite a bit of water on their 'friend'.

His lungs were beginning to burn, but Derek contented himself to wait. Stiles would come back for him, for some reason that wasn't even a doubt in his mind anymore. It was only a second later that he was face to face with the siren. Stiles smiled impishly before wrapping his arms around him, a beat of his tail was all it took to get them back to the surface. Derek gasped as soon as he was able to take a fresh breath of air, his joyous reunion with oxygen was cut short by Stiles hacking coughs. Derek frowned as the boy leaned against him, his whole body wracked with the harsh wet coughs.

"Stiles, you shouldn't have done that."

The boy shook his head, coughing his way through it. He pulled back a few minutes later when he'd managed to get it under control, a smile on his face. "Sorry."

Derek frowned. "Your." He grit his teeth before finishing. "You're hurting yourself."

Stiles shook his head. "I'll be fine." He ignored the small glimmers of compassion in the Alpha's gaze, unable to handle it. He turned to see if Godzilla was still around. He laughed wetly and twisted Derek so he could see. "He looks like a cat stuck in a tree!"

Derek had to agree with that, the lizard was precariously balanced on the top of the bleachers, hissing at them.

"I think I could hit him...If I got a really good wave on-"

"Stiles."

The teen turned to smile at him, Derek frowned. "No."

"Why not? Look at him." The teen pointed at the lizard. "He's not going to be bothering nobody from up there. OOh, maybe he melts if he gets wet."

Derek sighed, he didn't think that was a thing but didn't bother to argue that point. "Stiles, we just need to stay afloat until someone from my pack shows up."

"You mean like Erica...Whose unconscious?"

Derek growled, but Stiles waved him off. "Look, I'm all for it man, but face facts Godzilla over there is going to try and floor anyone who gets near us."

Stiles looked at the creature as if something had just dawned on him. "Huh...I wonder if that would work."

"What?"

Stiles smiled. "Lead men to their doom." Derek frowned. Stiles rolled his eyes when he had to spell it out to the wolf. "Honestly Derek, if I do the siren call, he might try and follow me into the water...He doesn't like water ergo we escape while he's flailing around like a drowning cat."

Derek was surprised to hear the boys idea, he didn't know how the siren call worked but if it was enough to distract the lizard long enough for them to escape...It might be worth a shot. "Think it will work?"

Stiles shrugged. "It works on pretty much anything, I mean other than actual animals of course." Stiles sent a dubious look towards the lizard. "Frankly I don't know what he qualifies as."

"How does it work?"

Stiles made a pained face. "So...Yeah, you'd need to hold your breath again for me."

Derek sighed. "Why?"

"Umm, well one because the water will dampen the noise so you won't be all loopy like Godzilla will be. two so that way I can lure Godzilla into the real deep end, I can get it done fast Derek, you just have to work with me."

Derek looked towards the lizard that was still hissing at them, though it had started to climb down from the top shelf of bleachers. "Alright."

Stiles smiled. "Take a nice even breath, breath in and then hold. I'll lure this bastard and be back for you alright?"

“Alright.”

Stiles waited for him to take a breath and then once more Derek was underwater. He looked up as much as he was able, surprised to find that he could actually move his head now. Peering up through the water he watched as Stiles swam effortlessly to the deep end, the peaceful tranquility that he heard through the water made Derek aware of just how powerful a siren's call was. He wanted nothing more than to go towards the boy, but he didn't HAVE to. The boys call not being directed strictly at him helped. The wolf understood just how dangerous the creatures could be if they wanted to be, not to mention that he was experiencing this after being underwater. Derek couldn't imagine what the sound must be like above it before his mind could dissolve into more questions the Alpha caught sight of movement above the water, he saw Stiles hunker down.

The boy's torso dipping into the water even as he continued to sing, then all of a sudden the boy sprang forward with a mighty push of his tail. A horrendous scream echoed even beneath the water as the lizard was pulled into the pool by the siren who'd grabbed its arm. Stiles tumbled with it, shaking himself free of its claws and ignoring the sting as they had bitten into his flesh. He made a hasty beat towards Derek, scooping up the Alpha without ever slowing down. Arching them out of the water and onto the pools deck, Stiles coughed as they slid a bit in the thrush of water, the pain of crashing into the tiles only made worse by the fire in his lungs. Derek gasped, tilting his head this way and that. He caught sight of Stiles, the siren wracked with hacking coughs beside him. He could distantly hear a cacophonous noise from the pool, splashing, and screams. Maybe the lizard really would melt.

“Stiles.” Derek rasped. Whether or not it did, he wanted to be long gone.

Stiles coughed, hacking up his lungs. He could hear Derek calling his name and knew that he needed his help. It was that drive that had him pulling himself up onto this elbows, ignoring the pain that traveled all throughout his body. The sharp tendril that lanced up his tail ignored as he focused on Derek.

“We have to go.”

Stiles nodded, glancing down the length of himself he winced, the lizard's claws had managed to slice into him. Blood was sliding down the side of his tail from where a good patch of scales had been torn, the flesh beneath ripped open. “Shit.” It took a moment for Stiles to realize that he wasn't paralyzed, then he rolled his eyes, right scales. His gaze didn't stay long on the damage to his own body as a giant splash had his gaze locked onto the lizard which was flailing about in the pool. Looking back at Derek he smiled. “I think I pissed him off.”

“Stiles!”

“What?”

“We need to go, get up.”

The siren shook his head in exasperation. “Dude I don't know if it's escaped your notice, but I don't have legs!”

Derek blinked. “Can't you jus-”

Stiles glared hotly already knowing where that particular line of questioning was going. He beat the Alpha to the chase. “I'm not the little mermaid you ass! I have to dry out first.”

“So now what?! Derek growled.

Stiles was well prepared to tell the angry wolf just 'what' they should do or rather what Derek should do since it was his grand idea to try and leave. He never got the chance.

"OH MY GOD!"

Stiles twisted about, wincing as he saw Erica standing a few feet off. "Hey." He gave a little half wave, Swallowing tensely as the girl oogled him, Stiles muttered. "Little help would be nice."

Erica laughed as she came forward, twisting sharply when she heard the loud cry and splashing from the pool. She scowled. "What the hel-"

"NOW ERICA!" Derek growled.

Huffing the blonde girl ran forward, smirking at Stiles as she knelt down to Derek. "What do you need?"

He sighed. "The thing paralyzed me, I can't move just yet, you need to get us out of here."

She arched a brow. "How?"

"Carry us, I don't care!" Stiles shouted at the girl. "But hurry the hell up before Godzilla gets out of the pool, I do not want to be sashimi."

She laughed before nodding, putting one of Derek's arms over her shoulder and using her supernaturally gifted strength to haul Derek to his feet. He stumbled but found that he was getting sensation back, slowly. Erica looked down at Stiles. "Sure you can't jus-"

"Go Erica." Derek growled, sending a poignant look to Stiles. "Get back in the pool if it gets loose." Stiles nodded. "We'll be back."

Stiles waved. "I'll be here...In the pool with Godzilla." His gaze was trained on the beast even as the girl's laughter trailed off behind him.

Erica laughed as she stumbled forward with Derek. "What is that all about."

"Just walk." Derek grumbled. "You need to go back for him."

She huffed before pointing out. "I don't know if you noticed Der, but he's a bit bigger than his normal stature...What with the tail and all."

Derek grit his teeth. "Drag him."

Erica's eyes widened. "Oooh I can't imagine that will feel good, but don't worry. I'll get the guppy out of the pool." She glanced this way and that, quickly locating the man's Camaro. It was a mad dash there, she threw Derek against the sleek muscle car and winked. "I'll go get Nemo."

Derek huffed, watching passively as she ran back towards the pool. He grit his teeth, struggling to get his body to respond. He trusted Erica to get Stiles, but there was no telling when or if that thing would get loose. Slowly he started to retain movement, small things like curling his hands into fists. He growls, biting his fangs into his inner cheek in the hopes to speed things along. His head jerks up when someone jumps over the nearby car. It's Isaac.

"Wha-"

"Go help Erica in the pool!"

Isaac nodded, taking off in a fast run. Derek sighs, at least Erica won't be alone if the lizard is loose though that doesn't give him much comfort. All it would take is a single slash and his Betas would be under its mercy. Grinding his teeth, Derek tries to shift himself along the side of his Camaro. He manages to move, but not in a coordinated way. Cursing Derek slumps defeated, forced to wait for his pack.

Stiles is getting very uncomfortable, Godzilla had managed to grab ahold of one of the diving board bars, it was still scrabbling to try and use it but the fact was it now had a way out of the water. Stiles did not like the looks of that, his head jerked round when Erica came running back in.

"Hey, Nemo."

Stiles snorted. "Real original, help me!"

Erica laughed at his plight, kneeling down she got her arms under his armpits. "I can't carry you...Your tail-" She paused, her eyes widening when she saw the blood, the torn section of the boy's flesh catching her attention right away. "Stiles."

Stiles knew she'd seen his tail, he didn't much care at that moment as Godzilla was getting more organized as more time went by. So he shouted at her. "Erica, run! I can grow back the scales."

Nodding the girl began to drag him, Stiles had to admit it was worse than he'd originally believed it would be. He almost wanted to shout at her to try and carry him, despite knowing that she wouldn't be able to balance herself with his tail. When they weren't on the slick tile anymore the sensation changed abruptly.

"Jesus fuck!" He groaned, throwing his head back. "I hate lizards!"

Erica snorted even as she continued to drag the teen. "We are so going to talk about this."

"Not right now." Stiles whined. "Running from death lizard."

She hummed, pulling him down towards the door that led into the parking lot. She'd just gotten the last barrier, a set of stairs. Stiles stared at them for a moment, dread creeping up his spine. This was going to hurt.

"I'm going to close my eyes, you do whatever you have to."

Erica sighed. "This is going to hurt." She glanced from the boys tail to the stairs.

"Death lizard Erica, death lizard."

Stiles cried out as he was pulled down the stairs, the hard surface biting into his soft tissues. He gave a cough, the abuse he was taking right now was up there on the shitiest day ever scoreboard.

Both he and Erica flinched when the door came open, the girl sighed a bright smile on her face upon seeing her fellow packmate and not some random stranger who would have caught her dragging around a mermaid.

"Grab his tail."

Isaac stood there dumbfounded at the sight of the mermaid, let alone the fact that it was Stiles.

“NOW ISAAC!”

The blonde nodded, rushing forward and looking painfully to Stiles as if asking for advice. The teen blandly said. “Death lizard approaching, it’s gonna hurt no matter what you do, so just do it!”

Isaac whined even as he grabbed the boys tail lifting the heavy appendage and alongside Erica carried the teen outside. Stiles cried out as he was carried. God this hurt, he totally underestimated how much this hurt. Like it was on a totally different level of hurt. He felt the cool air of the night ghost his flesh once they made it out of the building, he panted as he shivered. His mind drifting a bit.

Erica sent a worrisome glance down to the teen that she and Isaac were carrying, Stiles had gone silent and was completely limp in their hold. She shook her head at Isaac. “Come on.” They ran as fast as possible while carrying the mermaid, coming upon the Camaro to find Derek leaning precariously against the door where he’d managed to get back to his feet. The Alpha bit out sharply. “Get him in the car.”

The two Beta’s ran forward as Derek opened the back door, Isaac climbing into the back in an effort to get Stiles in the car easier as Erica held his upper half. She met her Alpha’s gaze as they struggled.

“He’s bleeding.”

Derek scowled, leaning on the door to peer into the car, he couldn’t see much until Isaac stumbled from the other side, opening the door. The light that cast into the car bared the siren’s wound, a nasty gash had displaced a good chunk of scales, the slash in the flesh bleeding.

“Get him inside.” The wolf growled. He had to watch on as Erica and Isaac struggled to get the teen contained in the backseat. They winced when the boy groaned as he was handled only to yelp as Isaac shut the other side.

Erica patted his cheek, trying to console the teen. “Shh.”

Derek growled at the sight of the teen, Stiles had kept him alive, above the pool for hours. He wasn’t about to leave the teen as he was, not if he could do something to help him. Stiles earlier comment about needing water, had the Alpha barking out.

“Get in the car, Erica drive.”

She nodded, leaving Stiles to run around to the driver’s side. Isaac briefly helped Derek in the back before shutting the door and joining Erica up front. Derek stared down at the teen, Stiles' head was in his lap, there was no other way as the spaced was cramped with the boys tail. It looked painful, not just the gash but with how the boys tail was being forced to bend. Looking down at the comatose teen, Derek growled.

“Go.”

The engine revved, the Camaro tearing out of the parking lot and leaving the lizard monster well behind them.

be your forever

Chapter Summary

In the aftermath of their meeting with Godzilla, Stiles finds that Derek and his pack are curious to know more about him. He's not quite sure what to think about that, but there are some things he just can't share.

Chapter Notes

Here it is, the final chapter of be your forever. I hope that you've all enjoyed this short little fic. Let me know by giving Kudos or even better writing a comment.

Stiles idly heard someone talking but it was lost on him as he was jostled this way and that. He groaned as he was forced into a tight space, yelping when his tail was folded unkindly.

“Shit. Sorry.”

Stiles groaned, his head falling to the side into something warm. He drifted for a time, the gentle rumble of a car distracting him from his hurts. He wasn't sure how long it was before he came back to himself. His body hurt in ways that he didn't even want to think about.

“Is the death lizard dead?”

He heard a round of sighs which had him huffing. “I totally don't like how that sounded like my answer.”

“He got away.” Isaac replied as he turned in the front seat.

Stiles peered back at the Beta. “Well, that sucks.” Isaac nodded. “Where are we?”

“We're going home.”

Stiles frowned at the vague answer. “And home would be?” He knew that Isaac was sticking close to Derek since the whole thing with his dad, but he didn't know where exactly that was.

“We-”

“Head to Eastmont.”

The car went silent, Stiles canted his head to the other side to find that oh, yes, he was reclined on Derek Hale. As in he was laying across Derek's Hales lap. That was totally normal, not like this was going to be the thing that caused the Alpha to kill him.

“Umm...Hi?”

Derek looked down at him a moment before addressing his Beta's as if Stiles had never spoken.

“Go to Eastmont.”

“Why?” Erica asked skeptically even as she turned down a street, headed towards the destination her Alpha had indicated.

“It’s someplace...Safe. At least for short-term.”

She hummed. “How come we’ve never been there before.”

“Yeah?” Isaac added with a confused hurt puppy look that made Stiles chuckle.

“Yeah Derek, how come?” He teased only to get a glare and growl in reply. Stiles snorted, taking this as a good time to get the hell out of dodge while he could. “This has been great and all, but if you could like ditch me on my back porch I’d be good.”

“Seriously?” Isaac looked affronted at that.

Stiles shrugged. “What else can I do, I have to wait until I’m dry to get my legs back. Nothing’s going to bother me in my backyard and it’s not like my dad would be shocked to see me-Okay, he would.” Stiles admitted as he looked down the length of himself, grimacing as he saw his own blood. Yeah, he was bleeding in Derek Hales car, great. Just add that to the reasons he’d want to kill him. Shaking his head, Stiles got back on track. “But he wouldn’t ask too many questions, I don’t think.” The teen’s brow furrowed.

Isaac snorted. “We’re not ditching you in your backyard.” The blonde looked to Derek as if to double check that, wanting to make sure he hadn’t done something bad.

Derek nodded, never saying a word on it.

“Alright, Eastmont, then where?” Erica chimed in.

“There’s an old art studio...Go there. It’s in the back corner of the factories.”

“Art studio?” Stiles peered up at the Alpha. “Why are you taking me to an art studio?”

Derek was silent for a moment, finally breaking down enough to state. “It’s safe and there’s a good amount of space.”

Stiles huffed at the vague answer. “Alright...Sure.”

Derek looked solidly out the window when he added. “There’s a tub.”

Stiles' head jerked up to stare at the Alpha, a small grin forming on his face before he settled once more in the man’s lap. So the Alpha had been listening to what he’d said earlier. “No chlorine I hope.”

“No.”

“Good.” Stiles closed his eyes, letting himself drift off the rest of the way. He could hear some of what Erica and Isaac were talking about, mostly rumors about mermaids. He stoutly ignored that mostly because he wasn’t a mermaid and two because he was tired. He could correct them after his lungs didn’t feel like charcoal.

Stiles hissed when someone moved his tail, lamely uttering, "Ow."

"Sorry, the car door kinda-"

Stiles waved a hand. "Don't care, just ow."

Stiles looked about as he was jolted awake, he felt Derek shift him as he got out of the car under his own power. He huffed at the wolf. "Sure, you get your legs back."

Derek smirked down at him before walking around to the other side of the car, Stiles peered through the cabin of the vehicle. The Beta's and now Derek looked back in at him.

"What?"

"Uh, we have to pull you?" Isaac looked pained at saying that.

Stiles didn't blame him there, he wasn't looking forward to it either, he gave a resigned sigh.

"Yeah, well that's gonna suck and all... I can help somewhat but the tail carrying is on you."

Lifting himself onto his elbows before grabbing onto the back of the passenger seat, Stiles scooted his way forward. At least it was leather and didn't hurt nearly as bad as the other surfaces he'd been forced to endure, still, it forced him to grimace around the shocking pain of his torn scales. Stiles panted as he got the end of the seat, his tail limp as it hung out of the car. He smiled tiredly at them.

"So...I vote that death lizard dies...Cause I am not repeating this shit."

They snorted, Derek crouching down to throw the boy's arm over his shoulder. "Isaac get his tail."

Stiles took a breath and whined as he was picked up, he knew that they didn't know any better and that technically he could have instructed them in how to properly hold him now that they weren't in a life or death situation...It was just that he didn't plan on this becoming a thing and the less information they knew about him the better. Not to mention that frankly it took energy to explain shit and he was already in enough pain for that to go out the window, Stiles was out of energy to try and do anything other than just hanging there. Erica ran off ahead, following Derek's guide of how to get into the building.

Stiles let his head fall against the Alpha's chest as he muttered. "How'd you know about this place?"

Derek was silent, Stiles let it go. The place was dark, Erica was ranting about there being no working electricity.

"The box is down the hall."

She huffed but stormed down the hallway to do that.

"Um...Stiles?"

"What?"

"Do you need like warm water, cause I don't think this place has it." Isaac glanced around at the dilapidated building, it didn't look like it even had working lights at this point.

Stiles let out an amused huff at the trepidation in the blonde's voice. "I prefer warm, but I'm not

gonna die if it's cold. So long as it doesn't have chlorine or any other shit in it, we're good."

Derek gave a nod, glad to hear that. "The last time I was here, it worked."

"When was that?"

Derek winced a bit at the teen asking that. "A few years."

Stiles canted his head back. "Like years years or years?"

Derek gave him a look that spoke of how much he didn't grasp Stiles real question, Stiles didn't dare clarify. Instead, choosing to smile up at the Alpha. "Doesn't matter, I can take it. We're a hardy bunch."

Derek hummed as he and Isaac slowly maneuvered Stiles up a pair of stairs, all the while Stiles commented. "Does this place smell funny to you?"

"Yes." Isaac replied pretty fast.

"Huh...Good, cause it smells funny to me."

Derek sighed. "It would smell funny to anyone Stiles, it's been a while since anyone's been here."

The teen snorted. "Still smells funny."

Isaac smirked as he helped carry the other teen, Derek directed him into a nearby doorway and from there they walked through a large space. A space that they could all tell was once a bedroom, from there they went into the bathroom. It was clear that the bottom level had been the art studio Derek had talked about, the above level being some kind of apartment for whoever had last owned the place.

As they entered the bathroom they found that it was dark, the wolves could see but Stiles muttered. "I'd really like water about now."

"Huh?" Isaac turned his eyes to see, glowing bright amber.

Stiles could see that at least. "I can't see."

"At all?"

"Yes, at all!" Stiles muttered. "I can't see in the dark dude...Not without water."

Isaac made a curious noise before asking. "But you can smell this place right? I thought your senses were like ours."

Stiles rolled his eyes, figuring it wouldn't be lost on them. "If my senses were like your's I wouldn't be asking Scott a million questions about stuff." Shaking his head Stiles added. "Besides, Derek was right this place smells bad to everyone."

"Stuff?" Isaac clued into the boy's previous statement.

Stiles waved a hand tiredly. "What does this smell like to you." Stiles smiled evilly. "The sad part is he still smells it, even though he knows I'm going to find things that will most likely smell horrible to him."

Isaac snorted. "Figures."

Derek shook his head as the two boys conversed, he was curious to know more about Stiles and his species but didn't bring that up. They all sighed when there was a gentle hum that filled the building.

"Does that mean lights?" Stiles asked with no shortage of hope.

"Let's find out." Isaac leaned over, balancing Stiles tail in one arm while reaching out to flick the light switch.

Stiles cried out when the room was filled with the faint glow of dingy lights that hadn't fully heated up. "Thank god." He glanced around the place and grimaced. "Well, I think we might want to shut them back off cause damn."

Derek snorted. "It's been abandoned Stiles."

The teen sighed. "True...Hey, so long as the water isn't lined with lead we're good."

Isaac got a pinched expression on his face. "Could that hurt you?"

Stiles stared blandly back at the wolf. "Does drinking lead hurt you Isaac?"

The teen grimaced as he was called out for such a stupid question. "Probably not now, but before...Yes."

"Then what do you think my answer is?" Stiles asked in a steely voice. "You know, from the person who breathes water."

Isaac glanced back to Derek. "How do we tell?"

The Alpha scowled over at the large tub, he didn't have any way of testing the water. They might have brought Stiles all this way for nothing or worse make him sick.

"I can tell."

The two wolves looked down at him.

"Yeah, but you'll get poisoned or something right?"

Stiles rolled his eyes at the overly dramatic teen. "I'm not saying dump me in dude, I can put my hand in and taste it. Trust me, I'll know. FYI don't drink the water from the water fountains at school."

Isaac made a questionable face. "Why?"

Stiles smiled. "Just don't."

Isaac looked to Derek as if asking for some kind of help, the Alpha shook his head. "Come on, let's set him down and get the water started. Stiles groaned as he was lowered onto the hard tile of the bathroom floor. Stiles swallowed tensely at the sight of his own blood, it had trailed down the side of his tail and was now dripping on the dirty linoleum. He did his best to ignore it, hoping to distract the wolves as well by commenting.

"Yep, that is very cold."

Isaac chuckled. "We're making the water warm."

“I’ll believe it when I see it.”

“Believe what?” Erica chimed in as she waltzed in, smirking down at Stiles as if he was the best piece of prime cut fish she’d ever seen. Sighing Stiles muttered. “Hello.”

“Hello.” She leered, kneeling down to give him a ravishing look. “Not so ordinary are you?”

Stiles snorted. “I’m totally normal.” The girl laughed. “Screw you, for my kind, I’m normal.”

She hummed. “Sure.” Her eyes paused on the wound, ratcheting back up to Stiles. The boy held her gaze a moment before looking away. She pursed her lips but didn’t say anything more about it, for now.

The siren huffed, allowing himself to recline on the tile as he waited for his ‘bath’ to be ready.

“So I thought the whole point was to dry him off so he has legs again.”

Derek shook his head. “He dran-” Looking down to Stiles got him a smirk, the siren chiming in.

“You weren’t wrong, it’s like drinking and breathing all in one.”

Derek nodded despite being confused as to how that worked. “He drank chlorinated water.”

“Ew.”

“Oh, you have no idea how much ew it is.” Stiles muttered from the floor. “I’m not going to get that taste off my tongue for a week.”

“Even if we do this?” Isaac questioned as he tested the water.

Stiles shook his head. “This will clear out my lungs, which I thank you for. The rest just takes time, like I told Derek I don’t have to do this. I’d live, I’d just be hacking up my lungs for a month.”

Erica grimaced. “Couldn’t you do this at home?”

Stiles snorted. “Yeah, the whole idea was to go unnoticed by my pops, sure he wouldn’t freak out per se, but we had a deal about this and...Needless to say, he’d know I broke it if he found me with no legs and one of these.” Stiles flopped his tail a bit. “And I kinda don’t fit in the tub at home.” He smiled at them.

“Interesting...So your-”

“He’s not.” Stiles shook his head.

“Huh, so do you prefer the term mermaid or merman?” She smirked devilishly.

Stiles smirked back at her, baring his newly sharpened teeth which startled her. “I’m a siren, so neither.”

Erica’s eyes widened at the impressive display, the teen’s previously normal teeth replaced with a razor set that left no imagination to what they could do. “A siren?”

“Mmmhmm, doom and gloom, all that jazz.” Stiles let his fangs morph back into his normal teeth and waved a hand in the air. “Ask Godzilla, I sang him a song right into the deep end.” He laughed.

“You sang to it?” Isaac gave a befuddled expression to him.

“Alright, it’s not really a song...Old sailors called it that because they were drunk on rum.” Stiles defended. “To you guys, it probably sounds similar to growling or howling...Whatever it is you do.”

They glared down at him, Derek however, intervened. “It sounded like singing.”

Stiles tilted his head back to stare up at the wolf. “Huh, really?” Derek looked down at the sirens and nodded. “Interesting...Did you by chance have rum today?”

Erica and Isaac snickered, Derek glared and quickly turned back to his task. Stiles smiled, nothing better than deflecting.

“So you dry off and poof, you got legs?”

Stiles groaned. “How many times do I have to explain this? I am not the little mermaid, there is actual science to this and no I don’t know what it is, but it exists!”

The others chuckled at him.

“It’s ready.” Derek pulled back from the tub as he motioned for Isaac to shut off the tap, leaning over to lift Stiles up some. “Test it.”

Stiles reached over, letting his hand sink into the clear water. Pulling it out he licked his hand, canting his head back Stiles smiled up at Derek. “I’d like to go in my fishbowl now.”

Erica cackled as she got up to help Isaac lift the boy’s tail. Together between the three of them they got Stiles over the ledge and grimaced as he fell into it with a great splash that sent water over the edge. Damn had that not been gentle.

Stiles sighed as he sunk to the bottom of the tub. It wasn’t overly deep, but it was way better than the one he had at home. At home, he couldn’t even submerge himself, well, not comfortably and at home, his tail wouldn’t even fit into the tub with him. It had to hang over the side of the tub which wasn’t all that comfortable. He peered up through the settling water, smiling as he saw the curious figures staring down at him. Stiles took a deep lungful of air, exhaling as he came to the surface.

“God that is so much cleaner.”

“Umm.” Erica grimaced at the sight of the water. “You’re bleeding...A lot.”

Stiles glanced down, the water had swirls of dark red, he snorted. “That’s just the chlorine.” He smiled back at her, refusing to acknowledge the trails of the real blood that were floating up from his wound. “My lungs have to pump it out.” He reclined against the tub, relaxing in the pleasant heat as the pack watched him curiously. Stiles chuckled as they watched his gills flutter and churn out more poisoned chlorine.

“Does it hurt?” Derek asked.

Stiles made a so/so gesture with his hand. “It’s a lot like being at a campfire and the smoke always goes into your face and you suck it in...Burny like.”

They nodded.

“It’ll get better once I get more of it out.” Stiles glanced down and hummed. “Wow, we really need to reevaluate how much chlorine we’re putting in our school’s pool. This is a bit excessive.” The water was churning with dark spirals of red, the once pristine water being overtaken by it. No

wonder his lungs felt like they were laden down with lead.

“Will we need to change the water?”

Stiles shook his head, he didn't plan on sticking around the pack for that long. He just needed to get home and avoid his father finding out about the whole thing. “Nah, I'll be okay.”

“Does that mean that it's better for you if we did?” Erica chimed in with a knowing look.

Stiles sighed, poking out his tongue at her before sliding beneath the water. Tucking his tongue in before he settled beneath the surface. It was interesting to peer up through the murky water and see three faces staring down at him, curious and in some regard concerned for him. Such a contrast compared to their previous encounters, what a death lizard doesn't do. Stiles inhaled as deeply as he could in the hopes of expelling more chlorine, he coughed a bit underwater before rising to the surface.

“You alright?” Isaac hedge carefully from where he'd balanced himself on the edge of the tub.

Stiles nodded. “It's a lot of pollution.” He glanced back to Derek. “So worth it though, that bastard was having a conniption.”

Derek glowered. “You're bleeding out poison Stiles.”

The teen waved a hand. “I'll be fine.” Looking once more into the water, the teen added. “I can probably get out, to be honest. It's way better than it was.” He had gotten a fair share of the pollutants out of his lungs, he'd need to go home and tend to his wound but he could manage the rest of it.

Erica frowned. “But you're still expelling red stuff.” She pointed to the teen's gills that were below the surface.

“I'll be okay.” He assured her. “I can go home and take a siesta.”

“Would soaking make it better though?”

Stiles glanced back and forth between the wolfs, ultimately sighing. “Yes, it would, but I'm fine. Look, I just need a ride home alright? I'll be out of your hair-”

“Drain the tub Isaac.”

The boy glanced to his Alpha, conflicting expressions crossing his face. Stiles sighed in relief, at least someone was listening.

“Can you be in the tub when it refills or do we need to take you out first?”

Stiles blinked a few times, glowered up at the Alpha and then proceeded to harp. “I'm fine!”

“In or out?” Derek shot back with no emotion.

Stiles huffed, crossing his arms over his chest before muttering. “So long as it's not boiling I'm fine.”

Nodding Derek motioned for Isaac to fill the tub once it was drained properly. Stiles shook his head at them, why were they helping him so much? Sure he'd saved Derek, but then they'd saved him so they were like even right? Stiles absentmindedly watched as the warm water spewed forth from a tap that Stiles didn't think was capable of working, still, he appreciated the heated water.

The rush of water stung on the open wound, but he ignored it as he glowered back at the group. Stiles was conflicted about thanking them and shouting at them to let him go, he was so caught up in his own mind that he didn't react the first time Isaac called his name.

"Stiles?"

Jerking his head towards the teen he nodded. "Sorry what?"

Isaac frowned. "You alright?"

He smirked. "I'm cool man, tired." He admitted, which wasn't far off, he was tired. He was also in pain and embarrassed just to name a few of his pressing issues.

Isaac nodded but sighed when Erica leaned forward, her forearms resting on the edge of the tub as she asked in a gleeful voice. "Can I touch you?"

Stiles sputtered. "What?"

Derek sighed at the girl's antics but left it up to Stiles to decide what to do on that front. The teen glanced to Isaac when the boy shrugged. "Since she asked, can we?"

Stiles huffed. "I'm not a pet."

"That wasn't a no." Erica sang.

Stiles glared at her but found himself giving in when the two teens gave him pouting looks, it wasn't like he hadn't done the same damn thing to Scott...Well, okay he hadn't asked to pet him, but he had grilled him with hundreds of questions. "Rules." He called out startling them. "There are certain parts you don't touch."

"But we kinda grabbed you and ran." Erica chimed in.

"Death lizard." Stiles bit out. "Trust me, it sucked."

She nodded, sobering a little at the boy's explanation. "Alright."

Taking a breath, Stiles glanced down the length of himself. Staring at the scales that sunk into his pale flesh, the joining just below his navel that formed into his tail. Looking back at them, he pointed at one of the scales on his arm. "That's fine." He moved his hand to the bridge between his human and siren half, pointing. "Not fine." He scowled.

"Does it hurt?"

Stiles grimaced a moment as he tried to think up a way to explain it to them, he didn't really know how to go about doing that. Settling easily for. "Just don't do it." Moving on, the teen swished his tail a bit. "You can touch pretty much anywhere on the tail, just not the end...The membrane there is, well it's thin and delicate."

"Why's it there?"

Stiles shrugged. "I don't know to torture me? It hurts like hell when you hit it on something, I'm sure it has a purpose but I don't know what it is."

Erica and Isaac winced in tandem when they realized just how much of a beating that part of the siren's tail had taken when they stuffed him into the car, the latter muttering. "Sorry."

Stiles shook his head. "Not your fault, I totally blame death lizard...We need to find him by the way."

The girl smirked. "Later. So I can touch?"

Sighing at Erica's enthusiasm, Stiles waved a hand. "Have at it then." He chuckled when Isaac reached out tentatively to pet his tail. Looking at him a moment later.

"What?" Stiles asked, already having an inkling of where this conversation would go.

"Umm...You're dry." Isaac flushed a bit. "I mean, your wet but your scales are-"

He snorted. "If you're expecting me to be slimy or something, then no." Stiles shook his head. "Think of it like a snake."

"Or a lizard." Erica jested.

Stiles glared at the girls taunt. "Hell no! I ain't like that thing."

She laughed at his outrage, pulling her hand back when he swatted at her. Erica was still laughing at him, despite his scowl when Isaac diverted his attention.

"How fast do you heal?"

Stiles looked over to the teen only to find that he was staring into the tub. Stiles followed his gaze to the bleeding wound on his tail. "I'll be fine."

"That wasn't his question." Derek cut in.

Stiles huffed, peering up to the moody Alpha. "Fine." He bit out. "If you must know, that's going to hurt like hell for a while...I'll regrow the scales over time, but until I do it's basically one giant wound. The flesh might knit back together but its...It's wrong." Stiles shrugged. "I'll be fine once the scales grow back."

"And how long does that take?" Erica asked curiously even as she had reached back into the tub to stroke a part of his tail.

Stiles looked intently at the wound, he had to be missing close to ten scales and the gash itself didn't look pretty. Sighing, the teen shook his head, he wasn't about to get into that with them. "A while."

"Will... You can walk once you get your legs back right?" Isaac stumbled. "I mean, how damaged is your leg going to be?"

Stiles snorted. "It ain't going to be pretty, but yeah, I'll be able to walk."

"Would stitches or something help?"

Stiles smirked at the two Beta's, he was so not used to this. The surprisingly level of care that was being doted upon him was startling in the least. Their attempts to 'fix' him were amusing, but also they made his heart ache a bit. "Stitches would help my leg, not the scales."

"But it would help." Derek muttered. "You'll continue to bleed otherwise."

Stiles nodded. "True." He smirked up at the wolf. "Good thing I'm pretty damn talented at that then huh?"

That seemed to startle the wolves, Stiles laughed at their perplexed faces. “Chill, I can handle it.” Stiles sighed when the water level reached just the edge of his gills, he had to stop himself from breathing in through them. There wasn’t enough water for that yet.

“And your dad?”

Stiles shook his head. “He can’t know or at least he can’t know the real reason I’m like this, I’ve gotten used to the whole lying thing...He just wouldn’t like seeing me like this.”

Erica snorted. “Of course not, your dad loves you, I can’t imagine seeing your kid with a giant gash is much fun.”

Stiles chuckled. “I meant the tail actually, the gashes he just rolls his eyes at...I’ve always been clumsy, tail or no.” He shook his head. “It’s just that, I made a deal with him about it.” Stiles looked up at Derek, wondering if the Alpha was going to keep his word.

“I won’t tell anyone.”

Stiles sighed in relief, not in the least bothered by the fact that Derek missed on what he was truly getting at. “Thanks.”

“Why can’t we-” Isaac started only to be cut off by Stiles.

“Scott doesn’t know, please don’t tell him...He’d be so angry with me for lying.”

Erica huffed. “Seriously? So you have a tail, look at what he can do.”

Stiles groaned, giving the girl a putout look. “No, you don’t understand. We’ve been best friends since we were little, I never told him about it...He’d-”

“We won’t say anything to Scott.” Derek assured the teen before looking to his Beta’s. “Not a word.”

They sighed, but nodded, not that either of them had planned on doing so in the first place. Stiles was so relieved to hear that, not only that they’d all agreed but that Derek had reinforced that his pack wouldn’t say anything. The water was happily lapping at the top of his chest and he’d taken to breathing with his gills. It didn’t take long for poisonous trails of red to stream from them, though he was thankful to see that it wasn’t nearly as dark as before. By the looks on the pack’s faces, they didn’t see the improvement. Stiles relaxed, taking a deep breath through his gills.

“Can you breath both ways at the same time?”

Stiles choked on air, sputtering at the question. “What?” He laughed.

Erica shrugged. “You’re above the water, but your gills are below. Can you breath twice...?”

Stiles gave her a bland look. “My throat and gills are attached to my lungs, it’d be pointless to breathe through them both.”

“Yeah, but can you?” Isaac agreed.

Stiles snorted. “No.” He shook his head. “One takes over and then the other. My gills close when I’m above water unless I tell them to stay open. Like now, I’m breathing solely through them.”

“Freaky.” Isaac leaned forward a bit to watch the siren breath.

Stiles chuckled. "Says the kid who can howl at the moon."

Isaac colored at that.

"So, if we dry you off will you sprout your legs here?"

Stiles glared at the smirking girl. "No."

"Why not?" She pouted.

"Do you want to see me naked? Because that's what would happen."

Isaac grimaced, causing Stiles to roll his eyes but Erica just leaned in with a predatory smile. "Might be interesting to watch."

Stiles glared when Erica didn't back down. "Derek, your Beta is creeping me out."

Derek snorted. "Enough." He looked down at the siren, taking in the sight of the water. "The water's not as polluted."

"Of course not, I'm getting it all out of my lungs. The majority of it came out in the first go, which is why I told you I was fine." He pointed out stubbornly.

"Umm...I have a question."

Stiles looked to Erica, apprehensive about the girl having 'questions'.

"When we take you home, how are we going to get you inside?"

Stiles blinked back at her a moment. "Um, spare key?"

"Your dad won't be home?"

Stiles shook his head. "Dad's on the midnight shift, we're good."

They all seemed to deflate, whatever concern they had left them. Stiles smirked, it was kinda cute to watch them fret. "You can just cart me inside, I can dry myself off and lay about for a while until my legs come back."

"And you'll be alright on your own?"

"Sure. I'll just stitch myself up and crash for the night." He offered them a beaming smile, it really did sound amazing to go home. Sleep in his wonderfully comfortable bed granted he had to stitch himself up first...But that was a side detail at best.

The pack looked at each other as if they weren't sure, Stiles huffed. "You can't keep me in a bathtub until your satisfied that I'm okay...That's wrong on so many levels."

Erica laughed. "Maybe, but you couldn't stop us." She taunted.

Stiles gave her a smirk. "There's enough water in this tub for me to lure you. Drowning in a bathtub is a pretty shitty way to go, just saying." She glared at the boy's threat, even as Isaac chuckled. "So, you going to take me home?"

"Get as much stuff out of your lungs, we'll take you home after your done." Derek leaned against the nearby wall, patiently waiting.

Stiles leaned back, a self-satisfied smirk on his face for having 'won' the argument. He relished the clean water going into his lungs, tearing apart the strands of pollution that clung to the tissues. Swirls of red left his gills with every outwards breath, the water was going cold when Stiles decided that he'd had enough. He tilted his head back to see Derek. "I'm ready to get out now."

"You're sure?"

Stiles nodded. "Water's getting cold and it'll just take a bit for the rest to get out of my system."

The Alpha pushed off of the wall even as Isaac reached in to drain the tub. They waited for the water level to recede before they could help the siren out of the tub. Stiles leveraged himself into a sitting upright position just as the last of the water drained. He saw that the gash had stopped bleeding, he knew that was going to change the moment they shifted him and cast that notion aside. He nodded at them. "Alright, grab a tail and let's go."

They snorted, Derek coming to reach and grasp him under his arms just as Isaac and Erica leaned over to get the rest of him.

"Ready?"

Stiles took a deep breath. "Yeah." He was a lying liar who lied, Jesus mother and Joseph did that suck. The pained whine he made had the wolves tensing, but luckily they didn't stop what they were doing. Pulling him from the tub to hang between them all. Stiles panted, his eyes screwed shut. "D-Damn that sucked."

"You okay?"

Stiles shook his head. "Gods no let's just get this over with."

The pack was quiet as they slowly made their way out of the bathroom, through the bedroom and then further into the hall. They came to the stairs, Stiles biting his lip as they had to shift what angle he was in. God, this sucked. When they were once more level, did the boy take a few grounding breaths, shivering.

"You cold?"

Stiles nodded. "It happens, I'll be alright once I get warmed up at home."

Erica hummed even as she moved aside to open the door for the two wolves. Stiles wasn't sure how they'd gone from inside the building to next to the car but figured that it was the wonders of being in a shit ton of pain.

"Alright, Isaac's going to crawl through with your tail."

Stiles huffed. "Awesome sounds great." Then as in an afterthought called out. "Watch the membrane."

Isaac sighed. "I'll do my best."

Stiles smiled encouragingly to the now nervous teen, he grimaced as they slowly fed him into the backseat of the car. Stiles groaning when his tail was once more forced to bend. Isaac had a pained expression as he was forced to manipulate the siren's tail.

"Sorry."

Stiles shook his head. "I'm good."

None of them believed that but were kind enough not to say as much. Derek gave a look to Erica, the wolf quickly ran around to the driver's side prepared to head back into town. Derek, along with Stiles slowly got situated in the car. Stiles groaned as he lay in the wolf's lap, then out of the blue he chuckled.

Derek scowled down at the siren. "What?"

Tired eyes peered back up at him. "Don't you find it funny that I was carrying you for hours and now you're carrying me?"

Derek snorted at the boy's sense of humor, calling to Erica. "Drive."

Stiles smiled, closing his eyes for the ride home. It was far better to drift, then to think about the fact that he was laying on top of Derek Hale. Nothing good could come of that. The car stayed in silence, well, mostly. Isaac turned on the radio, the soft murmurs were just enough to lull Stiles to sleep.

Derek looked down when Stiles shifted on his lap, the teen's face was tilted to the side. Frowning, the Alpha listened only to sigh. The boy's heartbeat was even, symmetric in its beats. Stiles had fallen asleep on him, ordinarily, this would have had him in an uproar to cast the boy aside. It didn't this time, he looked out the window for part of the journey, letting himself mull over everything that had happened that night.

He'd keep his word to the teen, none of them would say a word to Scott, no matter how much he thought it was worthless to keep the charade up. Looking across the cabin of the car, his eyes caught sight of the boy's wound, he growled at the sight of it. Closing his eyes when he felt how still the car went upon the noise, he blew out a heated breath through his nose. Opening his eyes, he took the chance to look down, inwardly relieved that Stiles was still asleep. Looking towards the front of his car, the Alpha reiterated to the two Betas who had gone eerily silent.

"Keep this to yourselves, Scott doesn't need to know."

"Hey, I'm all for holding his little secret." Erica started. "But, isn't he going to find out eventually?"

Isaac nodded. "She's right...I mean, I'm surprised he hasn't figured it out on his own."

To that Erica and Derek both snorted, though the Alpha was the one to speak up about it. "He's not that observant, Stiles has kept this under wraps for years now. Unless he does something very obvious, Scott's not going to notice and we're not going to tell him."

The two Beta's were silent, Erica being the only one to finally address one final piece to the puzzle. "I'll let Boyd know."

Derek nodded, he'd keep his word to the siren.

"SOooo are we allowed to make him suffer?" She sent him a feral grin in the rearview mirror.

Derek made a small noise, that didn't give a clear answer to the girl's question before looking back out the window. Erica pouted until she heard. "Just don't tell Scott." She could totally work with that.

Isaac sighed, shaking his head as he realized that he felt a great amount of pity for the teen now

that Erica had her sights on him. She could be relentless when she wanted to. The remainder of the drive was done in silence, all parties caught up in their own thoughts of how the night had gone. When they turned down the street which led to the Stilinski's home, Erica called back. "We should wake him up, does he want us to pull into the garage? Does he have a garage?" She added on at the last moment.

Derek gently shook the teen's shoulder, watching as Stiles grimaced before his eyes peeled open. "Where do you want us to park?"

Stiles stared up at him a while as if he was confused on the question. The reality was he was trying to wrap his head around the fact that Derek Hale was taking him home, in his car while he was still looking all mermaidly. Stiles groaned, reaching up to rub his face. "Umm...The driveway I guess."

"What about a garage?"

Stiles snorted. "That'd be great Erica if we had one."

She huffed. "Fine."

They pulled up to the house, Stiles indicated for them which one it was as none of them besides Derek had been there before. Stiles didn't think that Derek wanted that mentioned, so he wisely gave them directions as if none of them knew. When the car came to a stop, Stiles sighed.

"Alright...So, my neighbors pretty much stick to themselves and it's late enough that half of them should be dead to the world right now." The car was silent, waiting. "That said, I really really don't want anyone to see this...So, I'm going to bite through my tongue and you three are going to carry my limp ass into that house as fast as possible."

"Stile-" Isaac started.

"Oh, spare key is in the mailbox."

Erica snorted. "Great hiding place."

Stiles chuckled even as he pointed out. "My dad's the sheriff."

"Good point." She amended approvingly.

Derek gathered all of their attention with a rough. "Go get the key."

Erica sighed, effortlessly sliding from the sleek vehicle, it didn't take but a moment before the girl waved the key at them and headed for the front door.

"Alright, showtime." Isaac muttered as he threw his door open. Derek reached out to the door handle, prepared to pop the door open when he was stilled by Stiles' hand on his other arm. Looking down he frowned.

Stiles smirked. "I'd really appreciate it if you could kill Godzilla sometime soon."

Snorting Derek pushed the door open, Isaac was giving them a funny look. No doubt because they hadn't just immediately opened the door. Derek slid out of the car, while Stiles sat himself up. Just as before they worked in tandem to get the boys tail out of the car, once Stiles was sitting on the edge of the car seat did they prepare for the final leg of the journey.

"My bedrooms upstairs, second on the right."

They nodded and with a single-minded determination the wolves hoisted him back up, Stiles bit down hard as he was pulled up from the car and carried like an overweight sack of potatoes. He felt enormously better once they were safely inside his house, no longer fearing that someone would see them. Stiles let his head fall back against Derek as the Alpha carried him, with nothing else to do but bare the brunt of the movements, Stiles waited.

It was a relatively short trip to the second floor, Erica opening his bedroom door and coming forward to question. "What do you want us to do?"

"Just pull the blankets off, lay me down on my bed."

The group did just that, Stiles groaned as he was once more laid out. At least this time it was something soft, he soaked in the glorious feeling of his mattress, he smiled up at them. Waving his hands. "Ta-da, I'm home."

They all snorted at him. Chuckling Stiles leveraged himself up onto his elbows. "Thanks for the lift, sorry you had to carry me."

They shook their heads and despite the looks of curiosity that told him that it wasn't a big deal, Stiles found himself feeling awkward about it.

"Where's your first aid kit?" Isaac asked.

Stiles frowned a moment. "Uh, bathroom?"

He watched the blonde leave in confusion, Erica chuckled as she suddenly sat down on the edge of his bed like she owned the place. Smiling at him. "Your cut Stiles."

Oh. Looking down at his tail, Stiles grimaced at the torn tissue and missing scales. "Yeah, that sucks." He smiled back at her. "I got it though, thanks."

She seemed put out at that, but Isaac ran back in with the kit. Stiles accepted it with a small nod. "Thanks." He set it beside himself before looking back at them. Silence reigned supreme until that is that Stiles talked. "Umm...Can I help you?"

"Do you need our help?" Erica questioned as she gestured towards his tail.

Stiles shook his head, absolutely not. There was no way he was stitching himself in front of them, he'd endured enough that night thank you very much. "No, thanks though...Guess I'll see you at school?"

Erica smirked. "Guess so." Isaac nodded as he stood beside Derek.

Stiles looked to the Alpha, he smirked. "Told you so." Derek frowned. "You didn't drown."

Derek rolled his eyes, abruptly turning to leave. Stiles laughed as the other wolves filed out, Isaac going onto wave at him before leaving. Stiles sat there a moment, hearing the front door shut and then lock. Sighing, Stiles fell backward into his bed the first aid kit forgotten as he let out a long sigh. "Okay, so that happened."

Stiles was always astounded at how easy it was to lie to Scott, more so now than before since he knew for a fact that werewolves could detect lies. It also kinda hurt, to know that Scott wasn't paying enough attention to figure out that he wasn't okay. Well, he was and he wasn't when Scott had asked why he was limping the teen had just excepted the excuse Stiles gave him. Said excuse of falling down the stairs 'it was lame, he knew' didn't even get him a second glance before his best friend was once more caught up in the whirlwind that was Allison Argent.

Sighing and with a shake of his head, Stiles slowly made his way to the cafeteria, his leg hurt something fierce. Not surprising really, he had given himself eight stitches. It was no simple feat to get his lunch and find someplace to hole himself away, away from people. Namely as far away from people as he could manage while hobbling about. He was safely ensconced under the bleachers in the lacrosse field, nibbling on a sandwich when a bang made him damn near jump out of his skin.

"JESUS!" He looked up only to scowl when he saw Erica grinning from between the slits of the bleachers, she'd obviously jumped onto the bleacher just to make the loud noise and scare him.

"Hi." He grouched.

She laughed as she jumped off the bleacher and came around to where Stiles was hiding, Stiles let out a stream of air through his nose when he saw that she wasn't alone. He gave them all a once over before asking.

"Can I help you?"

Isaac shrugged as he found himself a comfortable spot leaning against one of the bleachers support beams. Boyd sat not far from there, while Erica came to kneel in front of him. Stiles raised a brow at the grinning girl, on any other day he might be afraid for his life at that look. However, it was with the knowledge that the girl had helped save his ass the night before that left him brave enough to assume that she wasn't going to kill him on school grounds.

"Brought you something."

Stiles frowned. "Huh?" That did not sound right, Erica didn't just 'bring' people things, let alone people like Stiles. His gaze flitted over to her hand when she held a baggy up, shaking it like a carrot on a stick. She was grinning like a loon.

Stiles stared at the contents of the bag and then turned to glare at her. "Hilarious."

She cackled. "Is it cannibalism if-"

"I swear to god if you finish that sentence I will sing you into a puddle to die." Stiles hissed.

She laughed at the empty threat, tossing the baggy of goldfish crackers into his lap. Stiles huffed, opening the bag and eating one just to have the satisfaction of biting down hard on the cracker, biting its head off with gusto. Erica's eyes widened before she laughed at his taunt.

"How are you feeling?"

Stiles would be eternally grateful that Isaac intervened when he did, as it at least held off any other comments that Erica could make. He shrugged. "I'm fine."

The wolves all frowned, he glanced between them all. "Um...What?"

"That." Erica stabbed him in the chest with a well-manicured nail. "Was a lie."

Stiles glanced down to the finger poking him, his eyes slowly coming back up to the frowning face of the beautiful girl. He sighed. "Right, sorry." He shook his head. "I'm just used to Scott not picking up on that shit...And to be fair, I tend to give that kind of answer." He shrugged.

"Still not an answer." The normally silent Boyd commented.

Stiles snorted. "Guess it's not." Shaking his head the teen motioned to his outstretched leg. "Stitches hurt...It's sore is all."

They all looked down at the teen's leg as if they expected to see the wound, there was nothing to see, of course, his jeans covered it. Erica pursed her lips, looking back at the teen in some calculating manner. Stiles blinked a few times, he did not like the look of that.

"Scott is an idiot."

Stiles snorted. "He's my best friend."

"He's still an idiot." She enforced. "Even we could tell you were limping through the hallways...What'd he take as an excuse?" Her question was asked in a haughty tone.

Stiles really didn't want to answer that question, but when she jabbed him in the chest once more the teen sighed. "I fell down the stairs." Stiles winced, already knowing how horrible that sounded.

The surround sound of snorts had him sighing, his eyes opened wide when Isaac muttered. "Even people like me don't use that lame excuse."

Stiles gave the teen a solemn look, they all knew about Isaac's past now. The stupid Godzilla monster had killed his dad, after all, all the abuse the teen had faced came out at the same time the man's death did. "Sorry."

Isaac shook his head. "Just saying, it's a lame excuse."

Stiles nodded. "Oh, I know...Sadly it works nine times out of ten, I blame that on the fact that I did break my ankle on the stairs." He smirked. "Easier to believe when you've done it once before right?"

They chuckled at his explanation.

"Seriously? You broke your ankle on the stairs?" Erica was smirking.

Stiles shrugged. "I was in a hurry...Granted that really didn't speed up my day in the end." He frowned as he thought about that, hindsight was a bitch.

The others chuckled, Stiles shook his head. "So, goldfish crackers aside." He glared at Erica. "What brings you to my little sliver of the world?"

The group had settled into their spots by now, each taking slow bites of their lunches. Erica moved to sit beside Boyd, no one answering Stiles. He frowned. "Seriously? Nothing? At least give me a bullshit answer."

"The stairs made us do it." Isaac muttered around a bit of his apple.

Stiles laughed, pointing at the Beta. "Thank you."

Isaac grinned as he chewed.

“We have questions.” Erica said in a sheepish voice.

“Questions? About wha-” He frowned only to pause when he realized just what those questions were about. “I’m not a pet!” He hissed.

“Please?” She begged.

Stiles glowered at the girl. “You brought me goldfish crackers to make fun of me and now you want me to answer your questions?”

She blanched at that, alright, that hadn’t been a good idea. Isaac rolled his eyes. “It’s not just for us.”

Stiles made a humming sound. “Okay?”

Isaac took another bite of his apple, talking at the same time to muffle what he said. Stiles glared when he couldn’t decipher what the teen had said.

“Really?”

Boyd sighed as he watched his two friends and packmates avoid the subject. “We’re curious...So is Derek.”

Stiles blinked back at the boy a moment, then he smirked. “Why didn’t you say so?”

The Beta’s looked at him strangely, Stiles grinned. “But if I answer your questions, yours or Dereks.” He pointed out just so they were clear. “You all have to do something for me.”

They glanced around to each other, ultimately nodding all together. Stiles grinned. “Alright then.” He nodded. “Ask away.”

The group smiled back at him, that is until Erica frowned. “Wait, what do you want in return?”

Stiles had a hard time holding back his laughter as he spoke in an even tone. “Can I pet you?”

Based on the noise that he got in return, Stiles would say that he knew how to play their little game. Not that he didn’t find it amusing, he had to hand it to Erica she was a smart cookie and knew how to make the most of her time when toying with others. Stiles just knew that he’d find a better way to get back at her in the future and sure he’d end up answering all their questions, even go so far as to say that he’d come to talk to them in private...So Derek could hear alongside them.

Seemed only fair and it would help ease the ache in his chest that had already started to form. Stiles sighed as he listened to the wolves rave at him about the unfairness of him asking to pet them even if it was just a joke. He smirked through the tirade, his thoughts reflecting on the ache he felt. Yeah, it sucked that his heart would hurt, but that was the pain of saving someone. Sirens weren’t designed to do that after all, more doom and gloom shit than the knight in shining armor. Still, Stiles would take that bit of knowledge to his grave, no one, especially not Derek needed to know the ramifications of what he’d done. His dad would really have a heart attack if he learned what Stiles had done and with who, let alone the why. Although Stiles knew his father would understand his motive of not letting the man drown, his dad would have a hard time accepting just what Stiles was willing to put himself through in order to save the werewolf. His mother's words were always ringing in his head, it was a shame that he couldn’t heed them. He couldn’t have let Derek drown, consequences be damned.

‘Don’t save someone unless you’re willing for them to be your forever.’

Stiles knew his parents had been madly in love with each other, had grown into that relationship when she saved him...Stiles didn't count on that being the truth for him, not with Derek. It was obvious the wolf enjoyed the fairer sex and sure his previous relationships were all psycho's but that didn't mean that the wolf wouldn't find someone. Stiles had no plans to even tell the wolf of their connection, he was content on having the ache lessen whenever he got time to be near the wolf and given the curiosity by the pack he might get more than he was anticipating. Regardless, whatever time he got with the man would be enough. Derek was a pretty nice forever, even if the wolf wouldn't know what he was to Stiles now.

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